

JAN. 26, 1904.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror," January 27, 1904.

The Daily ILLUSTRATED Mirror.

Yesterday's News
Seen
Through the Camera.

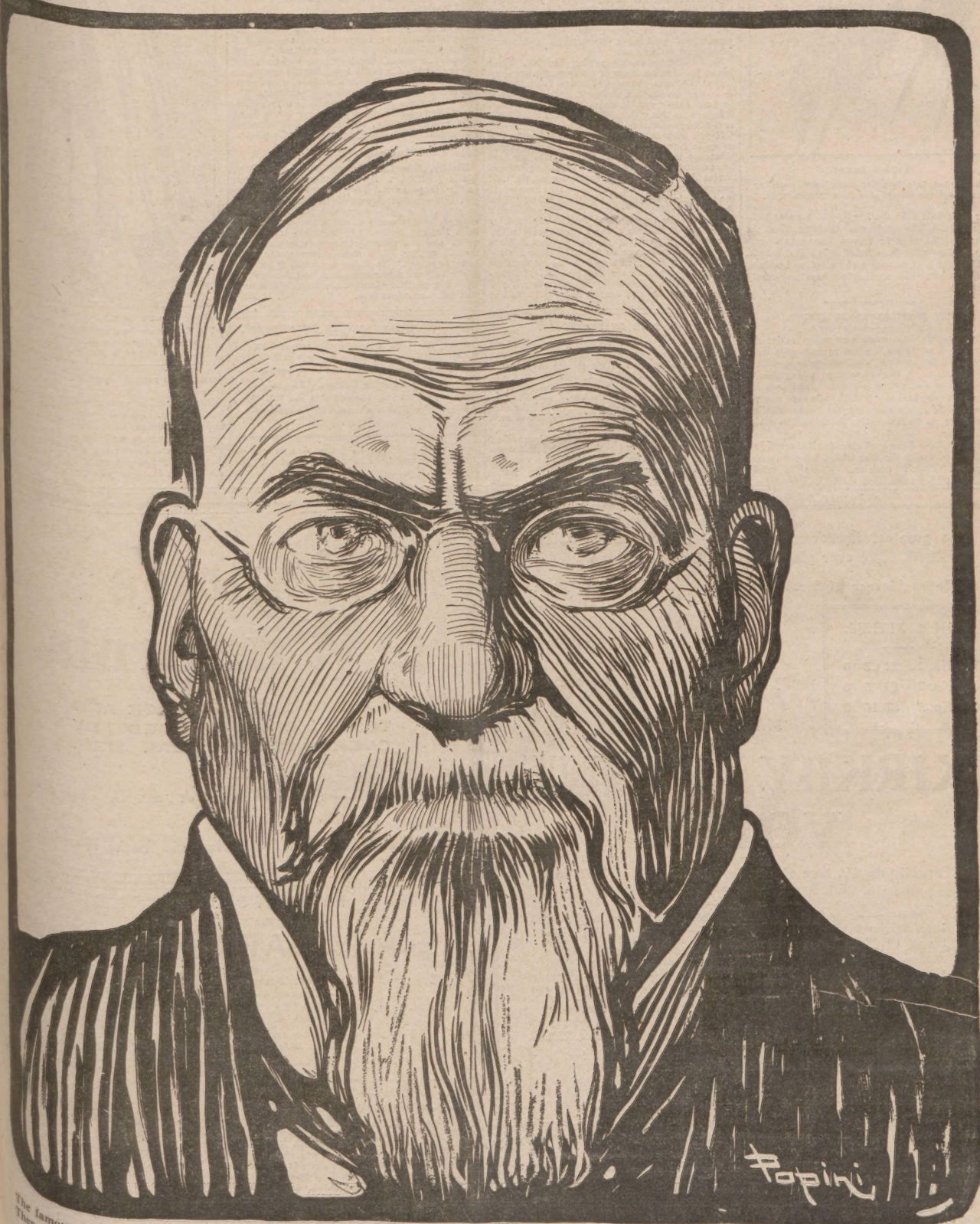
No. 73.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1904.

One Penny.

"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM."



The famous London and Globe financier was convicted and condemned to seven years' imprisonment. He was then removed to an ante-room, where he was taken ill and collapsed, with symptoms of heart failure from excitement and shock. His last words were: "I am going away wrongly condemned, but it will be—"

USEFUL Winter Coat of grey cloth, strapped cloth, lined, quite good condition; £2 10s.—Write 324, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL Gown for girl of 14 (sleeved), dark red cloth, trimmed with black velvet on bodice; quite good; 15s. 6d.—Write 325, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY dainty Tea Jacket of cream silk, large collar over green velvet, green ribbon; elbow sleeves; 15s.—Write 326, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY smart cream net Theatre Gown, iron front, centre, latest fashion, velvet bows down back; 23 waist.—Write 327, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WARM grey zibeline Winter Coat with collar, trimmed black silk, 25s.—Write 328, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

YOUNG lady's Dance Dress of pale pink ray pleated silk (fresh), 25s.—Write 329, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

YOUNG Lady's Evening Cloak of grey cashmere; lined white silk; 25s.—Write 330, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

9 GUINEA rifle-green tailor-made Coat and Skirt, handsomely trimmed black silk, green velvet waistcoat; 25, 42, 100.—Write 331, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ANTIQUE silk Gown wanted for large order; good condition; send full particulars; Write 332, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, Guard's Coat, 27s.—Write 333, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, Honiton or Brussels lace, 25s.—Write 334, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, Smart Day, Evening Gown, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

A BARGAIN.—Handsome set of 12 large knives, 12 small knives, 12 steel; Crayford ivory handles; unopened; 14s. 6d.; worth £4 4s.—Write 335, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N exquisite diamond and sapphire brooch; round, three-leaf clove; 45, New Bond-street, W.

BATTERSEA enamel; small patch, bone for sale.—Write 336, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAR Carriage Rug; dark brown, cashmere lined; quite new; 42s.; with 200 yds. of cloth; 25s.—Write 337, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL square-shaped Ring, 25s.—Write 338, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXTRAORDINARY Bargain.—Large sum to find offers private sale of pair entrée or vegetable table, 25s.—Write 339, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Widow's blankets, 25s. 6d.; two 100 yds. tablecloths and six serviettes; 25s.—Write 340, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST-CLASS Table Linen; six 60 yds. tablecloths, 25s. 6d.; 24 1/2 yds. for two, or 47 the lot; cost 40s.—Write 341, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FISH Knives and Forks; handsomely plated; silver-mounted; 100 yds. 10s. 6d.; worth 90s.; 31, Clapham-road.

GENTLEMAN'S Tricorne for sale; very good; used; in excellent condition; 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME turquoise and diamond Ring; fine quality; day and evening; 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY parting with trinkets will sell private sale; two handsome 18-carat gold and diamond Rings; sacrifice; 25s.—Write 342, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY wishes to sell Service silver; 12 pieces; 15s.—Write 343, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY'S 15ct. gold Watch, half-pearl; 15s.—Write 344, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY'S 2 guineas silk Umbrella; 25s.—Write 345, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY Lace—Assorted parcels; 2s. 6d.—Write 346, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MOLESKINS, dressed for table; 25s.—Write 347, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PATCHWORK, direct from factory; 25s.—Write 348, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

QUEEN Anne 48 8s. Tea and Coffee service; 47s. 6d.—Write 349, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

REMOVAL—Inland road; 45, New Bond-street, W.

SILVER Wedding Gifts—6 pieces; 25s.—Write 350, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SIX solid silver Georgian Forks; 25s.—Write 351, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SOLID mahogany Card-Table; 25s.—Write 352, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

JAPANESE Kimono, magnificently decorated in gold and colour; 25s.—Write 353, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Printed and Published by W. D. Rogers, at the "Daily Mirror" Press, 45, New Bond-street, London, E.C. 4, January 26, 1904.

STRANGE LADY CYCLIST.

"I love not a woman with a great beard," said Parson Hugh.

Madame Delait, of Thaon-les-Vosges, France, would have been viewed with disapproval by the honest Welshman, for she has a handsome auburn beard that would do credit to a man.

She is a member of the local cycling club and very fond of being on her wheel.

When not cycling she can be seen behind the



MADAM DELAIT.

A bearded lady bicyclist often seen pedalling through the streets of a little French town.

bar of a little café she keeps, which never lacks customers. The Shah was charmed with the bearded lady when he was in France two years ago, and gave Madame Delait a beautiful brooch.

The lady is of masculine character, and without her husband's assistance is able to expel any unruly customer.

NOT ENTITLED TO BE KILLED.

An Austrian lieutenant, who writes under the pseudonym of "Roda," recently produced a book in which a Serbian cavalry officer figures as a leading character. A Serbian captain, taking this to be his own portrait, was offended, and sent his seconds to the author. A duel, however, was refused on the ground that since the murder of King Alexander no Serbian officer is entitled to claim satisfaction.

The Serbian officer applied to the Military Court of Honour, and to the War Office, but the former approved "Roda's" decision.

ART AND ACTUALITY.

Pastels in Piccadilly, and Women's Pictures in Grafton-street.

If you want to know how a great artist can trip, through carelessness or hurry, look at the figure leaning against the wall in the ballet-girl drawing by Degas, at the Pastel Exhibition in the Royal Institute Galleries. The ugliness of these danseuses' faces, gestures, and pose I can forgive, for that is Degas's way; but the drawing of that figure—never. Another Frenchman—M. Louis Legrand—also shows a ballet-girl, with a "Jeune Fille" and a "Femme Brune," but they are drawn. What atrociously ugly types M. Legrand elects to represent! His art is scientific, but so unbecomingly.

Science in Art.

Science, by-the-by, not content with invading the papers, is now creeping into picture exhibitions. Mr. Hennessy has produced a curiously interesting representation of the "Conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, and the Moon, November, 1901," just the kind of work that an illustrated journal should reproduce, and Mr. Byam Shaw has designed a pathological portrait—a doctor with a binocular stethoscope to his ears.

Miss Fortescue-Brickdale who, like Mr. Byam Shaw, has a select circle of admirers for her symbolical allegories, shows a "Fashion Triumphant." It is well drawn, but confused. Allegory should be very simple—and piercing. In this line Max Klinger's terrible etching of a "Mother and Child" at the International is the real thing.

If you wish to know how a talented artist can go quite astray look at Mr. Bernard Partridge's "Dancing Bacchantes." If you want to see how he can recover the trail examine his taking "Moonrise at Argentin." Those values are all right. If you want to know how flesh should be painted in the open air cast your eye on Mr. Tuke's "Twilight on the Beach"; how the "Motherhood" motive can be treated with real feeling, neither forced nor sentimental, stand quietly before Mr. Bruckman's picture; if you are anxious to learn how sooty pictures can be beautiful there are the works of Mr. Duff; with what a tiny expenditure of material a picture can be contrived, Mr. Brabazon's "On the Riviera" will show you; if you want essential beauty, beauty that captivates and

allures, there is M. de Sidiarier's "Evening Reflections."

The Women's International Art Club exhibition at the Grafton Galleries is a mixture of the imitative, the experimental, the artist's vision, and the commonplace. I will just deal with four or five of the exhibitors. I begin with three that please me.

I am grateful to Mrs. Cayley-Robinson for her charming, unaffected studies of children in tempera; to Mrs. Mary F. Hunter for her Pre-Raphaelite "Village Green," that brought back some of the old emotion I felt when first I saw Millais's "Blind Girl"; to Miss M. Constance Lloyd for her "Venice." It is full of light, air, and breeze, and Miss Lloyd has had the courage to remind us that Venice has factories and chimneys, without detracting from the fresh beauty of her little picture.

With Miss Anna Boch it is different. First, let it be said that she gets sunshine into her pictures—that's something; but she is in, and of, that school of modern impressionism that practises the diversion of tones, the laying of blobs of pure colour side by side in the hope that the spectator's eye will harmonise them. She is clever and competent, but her sense of colour is not mine. She sees black coats and church walls in purply-blue, her shadows are as strong to the eye as the drone of a bee to the ear, and her sky in "Pendant l'Élévation" is not the lightest part of the picture.

Indefinable Qualities.

Finally, Miss Lily Delissa Joseph and Miss Marie J. Naylor. By each there is a portrait in the large room. They face one another, so you can contrast them. Miss Joseph's "Contemplation," a pallid lady with pallid arms and strange lips, is modern and slick and restless. Miss Naylor's portrait of "Mrs. Roger Fry" is quiet, and possesses that indefinable something we call quality. It is restful, because the tones blend so subtly. The colour is something between a pale buff and a pale terra-cotta, and through this charming portrait—dress, hair, face, and arms—that sensitive colour runs.

C. L. H.

MORE VICTIMS OF PLAGUE EXPERIMENTS.

A few days ago the death was reported of Dr. Wichnehevitch, a Russian scientist, who had been

£1,000 for Amateur Editors. The awards for suggested improvements in the "Daily Mirror" will be announced in To-morrow's Issue.

experimenting with plague germs. It now appears that his two assistants have been seized with the disease.

SUICIDE BY DEGREES.

An extraordinary case of suicide is reported from Washington, where a young woman has poisoned herself by degrees. Her purpose was to kill herself in such a way that her death would appear to have



IN QUAIN KOREA.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Korean Army, who will play an important part in event of war in the Far East.

been due to natural causes, and so to avoid any scandal.

She procured an arsenic mixture and carried it out her intention. Each day she increased the dose until the torture she was suffering was too much for her and she was compelled to confess.

When she did speak out she was so near death that she could only gasp a few words. She was taken to the Emergency Hospital, where she died.

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MADAME

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ADA REEVE
HILDA MOODY
MARIE DAINTON
SYLVA SABLANC
HILDA TREVELYAN

MESSIEURS CARUSO

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TOPIC OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says:
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that 'he who runs may read.'"

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EVERYWHERE

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Commander-in-Chief of the Korean Army, he will play an important part in event of war in the Far East.

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TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Photographic illustrations of the chief events of the day will be found on pages 5, 8, 9, and 12.

Mr. Windsor Wright's extraordinary career and his death are dealt with fully on pages 6 and 7. Our home correspondent relates how Pope Pius X. went on "sentry go."—(Page 2.)

The strange disappearance of three girls has been solved by the police.—(Page 3.)

The Windsor correspondent of the *Mirror* continues the story that the King never wears the same coat of arms twice.—(Page 3.)

In the Far East, despite Russia's delay, Japan has begun her preparations for war.—(Page 3.)

The Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, the Prince of Wales, last night with his brother benchers.—(Page 3.)

"Lord Stuart," the divorced husband of Mabel Russell, has imposed to a remarkable position on credulous Canadians.—(Page 4.)

The correspondent of the *Mirror* at Frankfurt tells the story of a servant who kept her child's body in a trunk for years.—(Page 4.)

Spain levies quaint ideas of military discipline.—(Page 4.)

A noteworthy feature of the mine disaster at the U.S.A. was the death of Mr. Taylor, a mining engineer, who behaved with great bravery.—(Page 4.)

West End dressmakers are confronted with an unusual slump.—(Page 5.)

The date of the University Boat Race has been fixed for March 30.—(Page 10.)

The match between the M.C.C. team and Tasmania at Hobart has ended in a draw.—(Page 10.)

Walter Frith's play, "The Perils of Flirtation," was produced at the Avenue Theatre yesterday.—(Page 13.)

Captain Basil Hood tells how to write a play.—(Page 13.)

Mr. Bertholm Tree defends the right of the artist to abolish sketches.—(Page 13.)

An important step has been taken towards securing a national theatre.—(Page 13.)

A new Bridge Competition commences to-day.—(Page 14.)

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Lord Grey at the Inner Temple: Prince Christian of Denmark at the Inner Temple: Prince Christian of Denmark at the Inner Temple.

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LATEST FROM THE FAR EAST.

War Preparations Going On While Russia Plays for Time.

Russia still delays her reply, and the world's suspense is likely to last days, or even weeks, longer, for the Japanese Government has been advised by its Minister at St. Petersburg that it is not intended to give an immediate response.

The question is whether Japan may not be tempted to act on her own account. Hope of concession has practically faded; and the general feeling is that Russia is only delaying in order to get her reinforcements in Eastern waters.

Meanwhile, preparations are being made for war on both sides. Japan is considering a domestic loan, and has bought £10,000 worth of medicines. Russian warships, on the other hand, are said to be watching an opportunity to swoop on the northern island of Japan, which is supposed to be poorly protected.

The situation is most critical.

RUSSIANS "DYING LIKE FLIES."

PARIS, Tuesday.

The "New York Herald" publishes the following from its Berlin correspondent: "I have just had, from a personage who has great commercial interests in Russia, a conversation on the situation."

He said that the chances of peace had been increased by the unfavourable impression caused at headquarters by the condition of the Russian troops in Manchuria. He had learnt from an authoritative source that the troops in that region were dying like flies. Water was scarce and bad, and the supplies and the medical service were insufficient."—Reuter.

All Japanese subjects in Russian employ are to be dismissed at once.

A further meeting of the Cabinet was held at the Foreign Office yesterday, Mr. Balfour presiding.

THE ROYAL TREASURER.



The Prince of Wales, Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, presided at the "Grand Day" dinner of Hilary term last night, and performed the ceremony of calling students to the Bar. The call was after dinner, to suit the convenience of his Royal Highness.

THE PRINCE AT HALL.

Seventeen Students Called to the Bar By His Royal Highness.

As treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, the Prince of Wales dined last night with his brother benchers. The guests assembled earlier than is usual on grand nights, as occasion was made to deliver the Tannered oration, commemorating an ancient benefactor.

Dinner lasted about an hour and a half, and then again were repeated the three raps by the chief butler, followed by the formula which preceded

the dinner. The Preacher having returned thanks, the call of seventeen members of the Honourable Society to the Bar of England followed.

The barristers elect filed up the hall to the High table, where his Royal Highness, rising, awaited to hear the steward, Mr. A. Weatherley Marriott, announce the names. As each student was presented, his Royal Highness said, "On the authority and on behalf of the Masters of the Bench, I publish you as a barrister of this society." A hearty hand-shake followed, and in the case of Mr. Lord Williams, the speaker of the oration, his Royal Highness added, "I am very sorry that I was unable to hear your oration." The treasurer, benchers, and guests then retired to the Council Chamber, where they took wine and dessert.

A SUICIDE'S LETTERS.

"If the deceased was here now he would be very annoyed at your verdict" was the strange remark made by the Boston, Lincolnshire, coroner in refusing to accept the finding of the jury that a suicide was of unsound mind. The case was remarkable for its premeditation. A journeyman butcher, after posting a letter to his wife stating he intended to hang himself on Monday morning, spent the night with his family, left home before the letter was delivered, and promptly hanged himself. He also wrote to his employer to the same effect.

THE TRAMP CAME BACK.

A man has been admitted to the Hitchin workhouse who, by virtue of an inquest verdict, was considered to have been dead and buried for over fourteen years. He explained he had been on the tramp ever since he disappeared.

MURDERER'S FATE.

Paul Martin was yesterday at Paris condemned to penal servitude for life for the murder of the demi-mondaine, Berthe de Brienne, some months ago. Martin was arrested in Glasgow with some of the victim's jewels in his possession.

£1,000 FOR AMATEUR EDITORS.

Results of the Awards for Suggested Improvements in the "Daily Mirror."

The winners of the £1,000 offered for the best suggestions for the improvement of the *Daily Mirror* will be announced in to-morrow's issue.

Twenty thousand suggestions on post-cards were received, and the task of reading and considering each has been a huge one.

Suggestions came in from members of the aristocracy, clergymen and their wives, journalists, artists, physicians, sailors, and about every class in the community. Many were received from children asking for fairy tales and pictures of giants.

The results of the competition were such that the editors decided to divide the first award of £500 into one hundred of £5 each, and the second of £100 into twenty of £5 each. These, added to the eighty awards of £5 each, make a total of two hundred awards of £5 each, or £1,000 in all.

TRIPLE DISAPPEARANCE.

The disappearance of a school-girl, aged fourteen, and a resident of the Merchiston district of Edinburgh, is causing a good deal of talk in the Scottish capital.

On Wednesday, January 13, the girl went off to school as usual, and returned in the afternoon, but her parents have subsequently discovered that she played truant on that and the two following days. On Monday she again went out in the morning, and has not been heard of since.

Two girls, Ada Maddock and Annie Kelly, each eighteen years old, had disappeared from Hebden Bridge, near Todmorden. Both lived with their parents, and worked at the local fustian clothing mills.

ANOTHER BY-ELECTION.

Mr. H. W. Worsley-Taylor, K.C., the Conservative member for the Blackpool division of Lancashire, will resign when Parliament meets. Mr. Worsley-Taylor, who is now in Algiers, has not been in good health lately.

The candidates at the by-election will be Mr. Wilfred Ashley (Conservative) and Mr. James Duckworth (Liberal).

In the last contest—a by-election in December, 1900—the figures were:—Taylor (C.), 7,659; Heap (L.), 5,589; majority, 1,470.

UNFOUNDED RUMOURS.

The rumour that, as a result of last Saturday's Cabinet meeting, the resignations of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Londonderry, and Mr. Gerald Balfour were to be expected is without foundation and the two latter Ministers have already given a denial. Lord Lansdowne, when approached, said he did not feel called upon to make any statement.

The Duke of Devonshire, with the other Liberal Unionists who belong to the Free Food League, has received an invitation to attend the special meeting of members of the council of the Liberal Unionist Association to be held on February 3, but it is understood the Duke has not yet decided whether he will be present. It is stated that Mr. Chamberlain will certainly attend.

SHALL WE LOSE IT?

The "Paradise Lost" MS., which was recently withdrawn at Sotheby's, the top bid failing to reach the reserve price of £5,000, will be disposed of privately to anyone prepared to offer the amount stipulated. An American cabled some time ago that he would pay £5,000 for the MS., but Mr. Baker would, if possible, prefer it to remain in this country. Efforts are being made to secure Mr. Baker's manuscript for the British Museum.

THE KING'S TAILOR'S BILL.

The statement that the King never wears the same suit of clothes twice, as was recently stated in the *Verity* after dinner speech addressed to the tailoring fraternity by a member of their order, is emphatically contradicted by our Windsor correspondent, who writes that, though his Majesty's suits are legion, he is never happier than when he is wearing a well-worn shooting suit.

ACCEPTABLE TO THE ARMY.

General Kekewich at Exeter:—Every thinking soldier hailed with pleasure the announcements of Mr. Arnold Forster at Liverpool. Now Army reformers could go to work with effect, leaving the reserves as a second line, and the Militia and Volunteers for home defence.

SOLICITORS SENT TO GAOL.

For having misappropriated money totalling nearly £10,000, David Jones, a noted Llanrwst solicitor, was at Denbighshire Assizes yesterday sentenced to four and a half years' penal servitude. Prisoner, who nearly swooned, had twice fulfilled the position of Under-Sheriff, and lost money over share transactions.

At Lancaster Assizes Charles Thomas Taylor, sixty-two, solicitor, of Preston, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for the misappropriation of trust money, Mr. Justice Jelf commenting strongly on solicitors abusing their trust, instances of which, he said, had been far too frequent.

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THE NEW YOUNG PRETENDER'S ADVENTURES.

How "Lord Stuart," Divorced Husband of Mabel, Countess Russell, Imposed on Credulous Canadians.

IN DEATH UNDIVIDED.

Servant Keeps Child's Body Four Years in Her Trunk.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

FRANKFURT, Tuesday.

Suspected of theft, a servant-girl of this city refused to let her mistress go over her trunk, and, when the lady persisted, burst into tears. The reason for this was soon apparent.

At the bottom of the trunk lay a heavy parcel which the girl refused, on any account, to open. Her mistress insisted, and the girl begged and prayed her not to touch it. At last she threw herself between her employer and the parcel, sobbing bitterly, and refusing to allow the other to come near.

The police were then sent for, and the bundle was opened. It contained the body of a six-months-old child.

Bertha Kefer then told her pitiful story. The child was born on September 12, 1898, she being in service at Düsseldorf at the time. It lived till April, and, on its death, the distracted girl had gone out with the body and attempted to throw herself into the Rhine. In this she had been hindered; and, for the last four years, she had been working as a servant-girl all over Germany, and everywhere she had taken the little one's body with her.

She had loved it so much when alive, and now she could not part with it, she said, when interrogated by the police.

As it was impossible to discover the cause of the child's death Bertha Kefer's story was accepted by the court, and she was set at liberty.

OUR AMUSING ALLIES.

The Somali Levies' Quaint Ideas of Military Discipline.

Reuter's correspondent loses his accustomed gravity, and becomes quite humorous, in describing the difficulties of our officers with the native levies in Somaliland.

The Somalis who are helping us against the Mullah are not mutinous, as has been suggested—only unruly and careless.

It was quite a month before the officers could impress the troopers of the Gadabursi Horse with

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the desirability of feeding and watering their horses, and, after a little discipline, they "trick." "There was," the correspondent goes on, "no mutiny, no refusal to water their horses, but they just didn't do it. It is the common Somali fashion of calling attention to the fact that he has a grievance, which he wants redressed."

"So with the native horse. They thought they had a grievance, and this was, in their opinion, the proper and most effective way of calling attention to it. 'Government hadn't behaved fairly by them; they had not been given boots and puttees and drill coats and nice khaki breeches like the other soldiers.'"

"Major Beresford spoke to them, at first gently. This having no effect, a sharper rebuke followed, and then, in spite of appealing looks, he ignored them."

"Next morning they turned out and performed the 'Dibaltig,' or war dance, in front of their officers' lines, as a mark of their loyalty, and as an earnest of their good behaviour in the future."

"Their great virtue is their mobility. To give an example, a party of 300 of them recently covered ninety miles in three and a half days on one bucket of water per animal, one and a quarter gallons of water per man, with no rice, and only one pound of dates per man per diem."

GULLS AND THE LAW.

Gulls have led to an exciting legal dispute in Hamburg. The Hamburgers, like the Londoners, amuse themselves by feeding the birds on the river with crumbs of bread and little fish, sold on the bridges by enterprising hucksters. The other day a bird, greedier than the rest, gave chase to a fishy morsel, and flew straight into the arms of a man on the bridge, who put it under his coat and walked quietly away.

An officious gendarme hurried up with a dictatorial, "Set the bird free!"

"It is my gull," cried the stranger; "I shall do no such thing."

There was an adjournment to the nearest police-station, and the question of property in gulls is now pending. Hamburg awaits the end of the case with breathless interest.

EX-VICAR 'VERTS.

A mild sensation has been caused among Middlesexburg Anglicans by the announcement that the Rev. G. H. L. Wharton, who has been vicar of St. John's since 1899, and only resigned the living last week on the ground of failing health, has been received into the Church of Rome.

Mr. Wharton was educated at Oxford, and was admitted to priest's orders in 1892.

John Francis Meadman, building society manager, ex-Liverpool alderman, and well known in business and political circles, who was wanted in connection with alleged fraud and forgery involving £8,000, has been arrested at Buenos Ayres.

The career of the accomplished adventurer Stuart (or Brown), son of a coachman, divorced husband of Mabel Countess Russell, and lately engaged in imposing upon credulous Canadians, has already been recounted at some length, but there still remains much to relate that is remarkable in more ways than one.

One of those present in court when Stuart was recently convicted at Toronto as a vagrant has forwarded some extremely entertaining facts which he then acquired concerning Stuart's tour in Canada in the role of an English nobleman.

The adventurer was in no way nonplussed at being once more brought to book. When taken before the Court he was faultlessly dressed and wore an expensive overcoat, with collar and cuffs of rich fur.

Hard to Disbelieve Him.

Throughout the proceedings he retained his self-possession to a remarkable degree. When he told his story of his career, which differed in almost every particular from that told in this country, he spoke in cultured and refined tones, and used excellent and well-chosen English. In fact, his manner convinced many in court that he was what

rank to that of prince, and ran up a bill of £16 for garments for his valet.

His hotel bill was made up of the following:—

Rooms	2 5 0
Restaurant	9 12 0
Cafe	15 13 0
Laundry	2 1 8
Livery	0 16 0
Shoes	2 15 0
Messages	0 4 6
Telegraph and Telephone	0 2 0
Theatre Tickets	0 17 6
Paid Bills (Drugs)	5 0 0
Pressing	3 1 6
C.O.D.	0 6 0
	0 11 0
Paid, December 16	£41 1 0
	8 0 0
	£33 1 0

Stuart was in no way disconcerted by the evidence given against him. Assuming an air of complete unconcern, he explained to the Court how he came to Canada, and gave his version of the proceedings taken against him in England for giving a false description of himself at the marriage with the Countess. It was an ingenious one, for he told the Court that he wrongly signed his first name "Athrobald" in the register instead of "Archibald."

He denied that he was ever in trouble for representing himself in England to be other than

GABRIELLE BOMPARD.



Having served thirteen years in prison for the murder of a French process-server, she wished to re-enact the scene, with the aid of a hypnotist, in the United States, but was not allowed to land. She is now on her way to England.

he represented himself to be—an English nobleman.

Representing himself as Lord Stuart, he put up at the King Edward Hotel at Toronto, and lived in style for several weeks. He paid for the first two weeks and then left without paying the remainder of his account (24 weeks), amounting to over £30.

Incidentally, he engaged from a liveryman a special carriage and coachman, and ran up an account for nearly £14. On one occasion he wanted a team, with coachman and footman, and a saddle horse, sent to Ottawa for his own use. The liveryman was duly impressed, and always addressed Stuart as "My Lord."

To obtain credit from a tailor he elevated his

he was, or that he was ever a coachman. His real name was Stuart, he insisted, and he was born in Berkshire.

"I never had any occupation," he added, "and never did any work in my life. I always got what money I needed from my father. Then, when I married the Countess, she settled £1,000 a year on me. This settlement was made a few days after our marriage."

He asserted that his father, far from being a coachman, was an Army man. He preferred not to divulge the name of the regiment, but the Court showing some anxiety to determine this point, he said that his parent held a colonelcy in the 1st Life Guards.

His story, however, was not accepted, and the Court, as stated, convicted him.

UNAVAILING HEROISM.

A heroic act, unfortunately fatal to the hero, marked the frightful disaster near Pittsburg, where a hundred and eighty-four men are still imprisoned in a coal mine.

After the explosion, which was brought about by fire-damp, Mr. S. N. Taylor, an expert mining engineer, attempted to rescue the entombed men. He had planned the mine, and knew its workings, and therefore volunteered to lead the rescuing party.

One miner was brought up unconscious, and then the relief party had to fly in order to save their own lives. They left Mr. Taylor behind, 220 feet below the surface, overcome by the mephitic atmo-

sphere. Hours passed before it was safe for the rescuers to return to the shaft.

Then a report spread among the hundreds of weeping women at the mouth of the shaft that Mr. Taylor and seventy-five miners had been found still alive. This rumour (says Reuter) was un- happily false, as Mr. Taylor's body was soon afterwards brought to the surface.

This is believed to prove conclusively that none who were in the mine at the time of the explosion has survived.

The death is announced at Moyne, Tipperary, of Pat Dwyer, a centenarian. Three women centenarians have died in the same town within recent years.

THE WIDOWER'S WOOLING.

He Finds that His Reply to an Advertisement has an Expensive Sequel in the Law Courts.

There is a song enjoying some popularity of a suburban pantomime this season which treats of the humour lying hidden among the "advertisements in the papers." Mr. Justice Darling, on its part, extracted some elements of humour from the story of an advertisement and its sequel which was unfolded in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Mrs. Jane Maria Barnes, a widow, asked for damages against Mr. Alfred Thomas Flavell, a widower, on the ground of his breach of promise of marriage.

In June, 1902, Mrs. Barnes, who lives at Chiswick, desiring a situation as housekeeper, inserted an advertisement in a Kensington local paper to that effect. She described herself as "a widow, aged forty-six, thoroughly domesticated, a good cook, and needlewoman." She wished to act as housekeeper to a single gentleman. A moderate salary was asked for, but a comfortable home was essential.

In response came a letter from Mr. Flavell, inviting her to call at his house in Talbot-road, Bayswater, where she might see his family and the surroundings. Mrs. Barnes called on the next day to see Mr. Flavell and his children; was invited to stay to supper, and did so; and accepted to Mr. Flavell's pressing request that he should see her home afterwards.

A Wife, not a Housekeeper, Wanted.

During the journey to Chiswick Mr. Flavell confided to her that it was not really a housekeeper he was in search of, but a wife. It had occurred to him that she was the very lady he had dreamed of meeting. His wife had been dead for about thirty years, and it so happened that Mrs. Barnes's husband had been dead for the same period. They accordingly agreed to become engaged.

After this they paid visits to each other's relatives, including one to a cousin of Mrs. Barnes's at Brighton, where Mr. Flavell was introduced to the future husband of Mrs. Barnes.

But this little trip to Brighton was followed by a marked coolness in the widower's attitude towards the widow. He appeared to avoid meeting her. However, as Mrs. Barnes explained in the witness box yesterday, she secured an interview with him

£1,000 for Amateur Editors. The awards for suggested improvements in the "Daily Mirror" will be announced in To-morrow's Issue.

one day. As she went down the area steps she saw him running upstairs to the breakfast-room.

She rushed after him, and got hold of him, and said: "Now will you tell me the reason of your behaviour? I am determined to know it. You have lied: 'I am going mad,' and she returned: 'I am I.' He tried to shake her off, but she did not let go of him.

He then explained he had heard something at Brighton. She said, as his future wife, she had a right to know what it was. He said: 'No, I have given my word, and wild horses shall not tear it from me.'

Yesterday the jury found that Mrs. Barnes was entitled to £200 damages.

LIGHTNING RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

The German electric railway experiments, in which velocities of over 120 miles an hour were reached, came before the Prussian Reichstag yesterday.

The Minister of Public Works said he could not accept the responsibility of authorising the use of such railways for travellers generally, and it was very far from clear whether the scheme would be practicable for economic purposes.

The trials would be continued with due caution.

THE BRIEF BAG.

A coroner's jury at Bethnal Green has returned a verdict of wilful murder against James Valerius Curry, the policeman, who is charged with killing his two infant sons.

To a young man fined at West London for firing a gun on the Thames the magistrate observed: "I don't think gulls are a proper object of sport, they come up the river for security."

"I never heard of a tariff wall so high as this," Mr. Plowden remarked at Marylebone when he climbed a 9ft. wall to beg for tea and tobacco.

Life in the Army to-day is cheaper than it used to be, Major H. F. Woodgate stated at his examination in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday. "It is common knowledge," he added, "that years ago, if an officer had been called upon to see his creditors at once he would have been unable to do so."

Sentences of one and three months' hard labour respectively were passed on two foreign women charged before Mr. Denman, at Marlborough-street yesterday, with disorderly conduct in the West End, the magistrate remarking that such women made that part of London "a scandal to the eyes of Europe."

A cattle dealer, who was sued in Tottenham County Court yesterday for £44 that he had betted at betting, pleaded that he was ignorant, and could neither read nor write, against him, respectively, that he had betted against him, respectively, that he had betted against him, respectively, that they lose it serves them right."

THE DU

"TOO DEAR."

There is weeping and wailing among the aristocracy for the year of 1904 has come and it threatens the sartorial world as it has never before. January and February are "dull" with Madame la Mode.

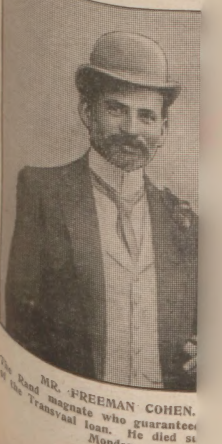


The French "MISS ROSE HERE." She is the wife of a shipwrecked crew. The husband had given her a full supply of winter clothing.



The Duke and Duchess and another person, possibly a child, in formal attire.

There is one prevailing complaint among customers who pay their bill for the "Luponeite" or "Luponeite," that the quiet season, in order to be at work, and so on, walking in the fact that the bait was a hard way than usual hard



MR. FREEMAN COHEN. The hand magnate who guaranteed the Transvaal loan. He died on Monday.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WINS A HOCKEY MATCH.

MISS CECILIA LOFTUS,
The clever actress and mimic, whom reports
engaged to Mr. Gillette, but who declares
herself wedded to her art.

lose it serves them right

WHITAKER WRIGHT, SENTENCED TO SEVEN YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE,



As Mr. Whitaker Wright clutched at the rail of the staircase which led from the Court he staggered slightly. That was the last the public saw of him.

This is the Story of Whitaker Wright's Strange Career, His Bold and Speculative Life, His Success and Failure, His Trial, Verdict, Sentence and Death.

Mr. Whitaker Wright's remarkable trial and his equally remarkable career ended almost simultaneously yesterday.

Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon the jury found the ex-financier guilty of fraud on all the twenty-six counts of the indictment; fifty minutes later Mr. Wright was lying dead in one of the ante-rooms of the Law Courts.

Apoplexy is given out as the cause of this dramatically sudden close of a career, extraordinary even in an age so prolific in glories of the kind. It is true that the strain of an ordeal like Mr. Wright has undergone may well have conquered an organisation more robust than his.

For though powerfully built and fresh-coloured he was too stout to be healthy, and, despite the remarkable stoicism he showed, it was quite evident that his calm only resulted from the exercise of that iron will which had been one of the discredited adventurer's chief commercial assets.

WHAT WILL THE INQUEST SHOW?

There are, however, other stories as to the manner in which Mr. Wright escaped the sentence of seven years' penal servitude that had just been passed upon him. It is suggested that he died, not through the strength of emotions acting on an enfeebled system, but by his own will, and the agency of poison. Nothing definite can yet be ascertained, but the inquest may lead to the revelation of a remarkable story.

During eleven days of the trial Mr. Wright had shown a cool and unembarrassed front in face of an indictment which might well have appalled a less resolute and stoical spirit.

He had been assailed by one of the finest intellects now engaged in advocacy. Mr. Rufus Isaacs had illuminated with his lucid and ingenious eloquence all the dark corners of the London and Globe trickery; and the record, when stated by this advocate, was almost in itself a passing of sentence. Even the great ability of Mr. Lawson Walton, the leader for the defence, could do little to help the prisoner against whom a charge of such gigantesque dishonesty, involving the ruin of hundreds of victims, was levelled.

THE LONDON AND GLOBE.

The history of the London and Globe would take volumes to tell in detail. Briefly, Mr. Wright, after making and losing small fortunes in America, came to England, and founded companies, which were amalgamated in 1897 as the London and Globe Finance Corporation, with a capital of £2,000,000. Two other companies were formed—the British-

America, with a capital of £1,500,000, and the Standard, with a similar capital. The capital of all the companies was £5,000,000—more than ten times the capital of the companies that had been their nucleus.

Lord Dufferin and Lord Loch were gained as directors; Mr. Wright was managing director; and the London and Globe boomed. Then came evil days. Shortness of money

and misleading. It was—to borrow a phrase used by Mr. Justice Bigham—"a lie covered with the garb of truth."

Mr. Wright had lived in great splendour during his time of prosperity, and enjoyed all the adulation which is the attendant of financial success. Equally violent was the outcry against him when the great crash came, and the high-piled structure of his companies toppled over, involving thousands of shareholders in ruin.

There were loud demands for a prosecution. A committee was formed to achieve this object, but it met with many difficulties. The Public Prosecutor did not act, and on the matter being brought up in discussion in the House of Commons the law officers of the Crown stated that they saw no grounds for proceeding.

The words of Sir Robert Finlay, Attorney-General, were:—

"There is not, in the present state of the law, sufficient ground for proceeding against the people responsible for the balance-sheet of the London and Globe Finance Corporation with a prospect of success."

A PITIFUL CONTRAST.

Another means of testing the question was taken. A prosecution fund was subscribed, and submitted to Mr. Justice Buckley, who, after long consideration, gave leave to prosecute at the expense of the fund.

The next sensation was Mr. Wright's disappearance. He was sought vainly for some weeks; and was finally arrested on the 14th of last March on a French liner at New York.

Long and tedious negotiations for extradition followed: finally, last August, Wright was brought back to London—an aged and altered man, with grizzled beard and lined face. From the time of his flight till the condemnation yesterday his life must have been a terrible one, and some kind of pity, even if undeserved, involuntarily comes to anyone who thinks of the contrast between the heyday of his career and its dark close.

The whole of the case had been thrashed out in the eleven days' hearing; yesterday there remained nothing but the summing up of the judge and the jury's finding.

THE SUMMING UP.

Mr. Justice Bigham's tones in summing up were more than usually deliberate and solemn. A long and wearisome trial was ended, the Judge told the jury, and he had to congratulate them, as well as counsel, on the ability and clearness with which the case had been put before them.

The Judge then made another reference to the anonymous letters with which he had been "pestered," and advised the jury utterly to disregard any similar missives they might have received.

After analysing the twenty-six heads of the in-

words or demeanour of his, when he referred to certain transactions on which he had a decided opinion, to overmaster their own judgment. They were the tribunal as to all facts.

Having made a reference to the contention that the charge against Mr. Wright would have involved Lord Dufferin and Lord Loch, "now dead and gone," if they had been alive, and pointed out the obvious reply to this contention, the Judge proceeded to make a thorough examination of the indictments and the evidence, and his summing-up lasted altogether for three and a half hours.

During the whole of it Mr. Whitaker Wright sat in his usual place, very attentive but without



Mr. Whitaker Wright when sentence was passed upon him. A sketch in court by our special artist.

giving any indication of emotion. From time to time his hand grasped the small grey beard that he has grown since London and Globe days, but the action was suggestive rather of thought than of nervousness.

The jury retired shortly before two o'clock.

SCENE AT THE SENTENCE.

During the hour that followed the court became so crowded that many people preferred to give up their places and leave rather than undergo the strain of remaining packed in the extremity of discomfort.

When the jury slowly re-entered the box the silence that suddenly possessed the court was in tense contrast to the hubbub of discussion and speculation that had obtained a moment before. Every eye was turned on Mr. Whitaker Wright,



While he was talking to his solicitor in the ante-room Mr. Whitaker Wright suddenly sprang from his chair. He took a few steps, then staggered, and fell back.

—much capital was locked up in the Waterloo and Baker-street Railway—led to difficulties. To keep matters going Mr. Wright commenced a scheme of manipulation, which only a strong head can follow in all its windings; he so dealt with shares, and transferred great sums from one company to another, as to render the balance-sheets altogether false

dictment, and stating the bearings of the two sections of the 1861 Larceny Act, under which they were framed, the Judge very gravely pointed out that the general charge against Mr. Wright was a serious one—a very serious one, he reiterated. Then he added impressively that unless the charge was proved beyond all reasonable doubt their verdict would be Not Guilty.

Nor, he continued, should the jury allow any

who had just stepped with a show of briskness to his seat, having been waiting in a room below the Bench.

Mr. Whitaker Wright, in his turn, looked anxiously towards the entering jury, as if trying to read from their faces what decision they had brought back with them.

There were some minutes of trying suspense before the Judge entered, and then the foreman

PICTURES AND PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING PEOPLE

MORE SUCCESSES.

A Rush of Successful Finders at the "Dispatch" Offices.

"Only nine more days," as they used to say last year when the "Times" Encyclopædia Britannica was a power in the land. In this case, however, it should be "only nine more discs";



KAISER WILHELM.

The German Emperor is forty-five years old to-day.

for the "Weekly Dispatch's" original twenty £50 medallions are dwindling rapidly.

The prosecutions relating to this unique enterprise are almost as numerous as the successes.

As we have frequently remarked, the "Weekly Dispatch" does not stipulate that the treasure-hunters should be prosecuted or even run the risk of prosecution. Such additional excitement is, we should imagine, quite unnecessary, the "Weekly Dispatch" providing all the excitement that is required.

One gentleman, arrested for burrowing in the footpath with his hatchet, was asked by the magistrate whether he was trying to let himself into the pavement.

In Willesden an enterprising upholsterer has sought to advertise his business by concealing a suite of furniture; or, rather, of a promise to deliver such should anyone unearth his voucher. He was ordered to go and find it himself.

There is, however, no cause for alarm. With every Sunday the clues published by the "Weekly Dispatch" grow simpler and simpler, and there is still about £2,000 awaiting the free and enlightened citizens of this kingdom.

ROYAL COLDNESS REMOVED.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
BRUSSELS, Tuesday.

For some time there has been a coldness between William II. and the King of the Belgians, and even at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral, when both monarchs were in England, it was remarked that they studiously avoided each other.

The Kaiser's birthday, however, witnesses a change, for King Leopold has actually gone to pay Kaiser Wilhelm a visit.

Affairs in the Congo are supposed to have brought the two monarchs together.

COUNT AS HOUSEBREAKER.

Included in a band of burglars caught a few days since at Klausenberg, Hungary, was one Count Tolochi.

He had gambled away his fortune, and, failing to obtain assistance from relatives, learnt the bakery business and joined the burglars. It is alleged by the police, says our correspondent at Berlin, that he had become quite an expert member of the band.

A CANADIAN ROMEO.

Canada has not sent to the mother country so many notable singers as Australia. Lately, however, she has shown more signs of musical activity than heretofore, and the enthusiasm with which Sir Alexander Mackenzie was greeted during his

recent concert tour in Canada was certainly an encouraging omen.

Two Canadian singers of much promise have just stepped on to the London concert platform. Miss Irene H. Foster and Mr. Mason B. Mackay have been studying in Paris and in Italy since they came to Europe, and their repertoire last night, at Steinway Hall, was drawn from standard French and Italian operas. Their voices combine most agreeably, and with their dramatic perception as well as vocal gifts they should be in demand where good Romeos and Juliets are wanted. And sometimes they are far to seek.

"OLD HEIDELBERG" RENEWED.

"Beverage!" would have appeared to a sudden visitor the strange but appropriate cry of the audience at the St. James's Theatre on Monday, when Mr. Alexander started his season with a quite triumphal revival of "Old Heidelberg."

Such a visitor would perhaps have surmised that the amount of liquor consumed by the German students had something to do with the shout. But the audience itself was aware that the return to the cast of that fine actor Mr. J. D. Beveridge in



PEPITA ARRIOLA.

Seven years old only, yet one of the most remarkable pianists in the world. He has composed a stirring march for the Kaiser and a song to the Kaiserin.

the part of the cheery old tutor had a good deal more. Other people enjoyed their full glories of applause—Mr. Alexander as the young Prince himself, and not less Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who

"LADY GODIVA" UP-TO-DATE.



Mlle. Zelia, whose delightful turn as "Lady Godiva," with her milk-white steed, is drawing crowds to the Alhambra.

takes Miss Eva Moore's place as the one and only fair damsel of Heidelberg.

She does so, it may be said, with all Miss Eva Moore's tenderness, and if it is not quite with all her lightness, that does not matter. It only brings the character something nearer to the buxom probabilities of the "Life."

But still it is Mr. Beveridge and his part that have really won the heart of the English public. And that is just right, for that part is a very key to the same English view of the play. But for the figure of the old tutor, living his youth over again, the play would be unsatisfying. It ends, for instance, in lovers parting, and neither plays nor journeys must end in that, as every wise man's son doth know.

When, however, one thinks of the old tutor, one sees the play in its right light, and it brings at least a happy aftermath. One sees that it is all a dream. One sees that this youth of pleasures taken poetically, of melody and of clean mirth, is a youth that youth does not know—a youth that only age conjures up. These students are but the products of the old tutor's brain. They are students as they ought to be, not as they are.

Take our own undergraduates, for instance. There are plenty of old tutors who keep up the tradition of young-heartedness. But is the undergraduate himself young-hearted? Is he not, on the contrary, a cynical terror? Does he not, "in the great days when he is twenty-one," mourn generally over the "ashes of a dead past"? Is

he not omniscient and secretive? Is he not even vulgar and dully material? Is he not immemorially old?

There is room, in truth, for a very clever travesty of the St. James's play. It should be called "Young Oxford." How different it would be from "Old Heidelberg." S. R. L.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

Two years ago the squire of a small place near Budapest imprisoned for fraud flung himself from a window and was killed. His uncle, who has just



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

Our most energetic Admiral, who is never tired of trying to improve the conditions of the Navy, is indisposed.

died in Berlin, says our correspondent, stated in his will that he intended making his nephew his sole heir. Instead, three sisters share in a fortune of some eight million marks.

The uncle makes only one stipulation, and this provides that the body of the young squire shall be exhumed and buried in the family grave with due honour.

BURIED MAN DISINTERS HIMSELF.

Among the dreary catalogue of violence in Macedonia a singular incident stands out.

A Turkish soldier was met by a party of Bulgarians, who took his rifle, gave him a beating, and buried him alive.

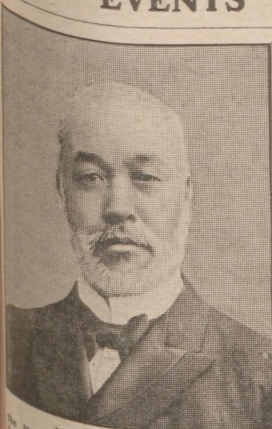
This last operation had, it seems, been ingeniously performed, as the soldier in some unexpected way succeeded in disinterring himself and returned to his comrades.

THE MISSES ROWLY.



These athletic young ladies were the first motorists to take out their licences and show their number plates in Ireland.

AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.



VISCOUNT HAYASHI.
The Mikado's Ambassador in London, one of the most talented diplomatists, on whom the present crisis throws great responsibility.
(Photo by Bassano.)

LADY DOCTOR BARRED.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
BUDAPEST, Tuesday.

Dr. Charlotte Steinberger, a fully qualified lady practitioner, communicated her petition to be recognised as a doctor to the Medical Association. She demanded to be received by that body, but when she turned up her petition was ignored.

The lady doctor then called a general meeting of the doctors of Budapest. It took place yesterday, and was marked by an acrimonious debate. Finally the lady doctor's petition to be admitted a member of the Medical Association was rejected by 72 votes against 56.

CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT EDITORS.

An American paper has drawn attention to the fact that Chicago supplies more than its fair proportion of newspaper sensation. Chicago has within a comparatively recent period had a street car strike, a waiters' strike, a laundry strike, and a hearse-drivers' strike. The policemen are required to wear their trousers creased, one of its savants declares that it is injurious to bathe, and another remains on record with the assertion that Rockefeller is a greater genius than Shakespeare. Life would be comparatively uninteresting in America without Chicago.

MR. WALTER FRITH, PLAYWRIGHT AND AUTHOR.



The son of the late Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A. He has written an original modern play entitled "The Perils of Flirtation," produced by Miss Gertrude Kingston at the Avenue Theatre. The picture shows him sitting by the side of Mr. George Alexander.
(A. Ellis.)



Mr. William Wolstenholme, a blind organist who recently played at Steinway Hall.

TO RESTORE A DRYING SEA.

The rapid drying up of the Sea of Azof is receiving official attention.

In five years the water had receded to such an extent that nearly 3,000,000 acres formerly covered by the sea are now a swamp. Several once flourishing harbours, notably Rostoff and Taganrog, are suffering severely.

The Minister of Public Works sanctions a project for damming the strait, about two miles wide, between the Sea of Azof and the Black Sea, with an enormous causeway pierced with locks to allow the passage of vessels. It is hoped thus to raise the surface of the sea 10ft., covering the morass with navigable water. Tenders for the work will probably be advertised in England, the United States, France, and Russia. The outlay will be £1,000,000.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Felix Colbac, a poor Paris clerk, must be a happy man. Out of work for some time, he went to the post office in the Rue de Grammont to purchase a postage stamp, and on his way he picked up an old newspaper.

Reaching home some time later he opened the paper and was astonished to find an envelope containing £1,500 in £20 Bank of France notes. For a moment he felt tempted, being hard pressed and having a wife and child. But better thoughts prevailed, and he took the notes to the police.

The notes, it appeared, had been notified as lost. The owner, on being informed of the recovery, at once sent £20 to Colbac, and to this sum the Prefect of Police added £4, and promised to find the man employment. Honesty in this case has been well rewarded.

SEVEN LITTLE "GEISHA" GIRLS.



Will these sweet "Jap." girls look so happy if war is declared, and their fathers and brothers and lovers are in daily danger of their lives, fighting for the flag in the Far East?

The Russian reply to Japan is stated to have been drawn up, but it has not yet been delivered. It has, in fact, been penned, and delivery is pending. It is understood that it will be presented on the day on which the evacuation of Manchuria is completed, as Russia is anxious not to make any more promises until those in hand have been fulfilled. Meanwhile troops and guns are being poured out to the Far East to assist the Manchurian garrison in the work of retirement.

A FORECAST OF FASHION.

By Mrs. JACK MAY.

THE NEW IMPORTANCE OF BRAID.

With the regularity of a calculating machine comes the verdict that mauve shall reign for the Lenten months of penance now before us. But this year the order arrives charged with a particular significance, the rumour having been well circulated beforehand that a glorious rich bishop's purple is to be included among the things of first fashionable intent.

A Renovation Hint.

To those of us of neutral colouring, who are neither decided brunettes nor yet blonde, this is welcome news enough, for purple is our chief colour triumph. It is our moment to rise before the common herd and stand forth a distinctive success. But neither this nor any other pronounced colour is for every day; at the most is it an occasional affair, a consideration that hints the advisability of a possible dyeing of a white or neutral-tinted costume, that has worked out a satisfactory salvation in its ephemeral state, and which by reason of its fashioning is not to be laid aside until such time as the atmospheric conditions are again propitious.

Pondering the improved persuasions of the dyeing process, I am persuaded we do not profit as we

Prince of Wales' fashion, served to crown a noticeably striking toilette.

An entire sealskin costume, comprising a short skirt, that flared out well at the feet, with a spade-fronted bolero, the latter closing with two great gilt buttons the size of small frying-pans at the top, caught and arrested the eye, which on travelling upwards encountered a quaint Romney hat of golden brown felt, tied under the chin with soft chiffon strings, that were brought from either side just behind the ears, but without in any way compressing the brim downwards. The most emphatic note, however, in the millinery world is the jam-pot crown, that is upon us, and means to remain. A sketch in the second column reveals it, applied to a white cloth model trimmed with market bunches of pink roses, above and below the brim,



The triumph of the Jam-pot Crown is a millinery certainty.

and, furthermore, with a quilting of deep rose taffetas and a gauze veil.

Reverting to the decorative value of braid and buttons, already enlarged upon in these columns, at some length, there has been revealed to me during the last few days further encouraging indications that La Mode has determined to work the braid fancy to every imaginable length.

A very charming interpretation of the genus pelerine is shown in the blouse of the second column, for by a dexterous arrangement of fullness gauged above the knee-line of the skirt the fold-over fronts of the corsage look as if they were continued down like a fichu. Upon the shoulders of this demure little scheme (a grey one, by the way) a lace collar is laid, the sloping effect of which is emphasised by sleeve-capes edged with silver panne. To hark back to a millinery subject for a moment, pray observe that though the jam-



A neat Cloth Turban for morning wear, plumed at one side.

should by this procedure. This thought has afforded me particular food for reflection when contemplating the devastating effects caused by constant cleaning. There comes a tide in the affairs of the most immaculate clothe when the only resource is to deepen the colouring, under which conditions the above applauded medium, together with any other colour of a voyant nature, becomes at once exceedingly justified.

Tomato Colour With Mole-skin.

For tomato red, in rough surfaced goods preferably, there is also a proclaimed penchant. A particularly graceful exponent of this decree I remarked in the Park one recent Sunday morning, the harmony undisturbed save for a lovely pelerine stole and muff of mole, each tiny skin arranged diamond wise, while a glorious picture hat in mole plush of cavalier quality, with a high jam-pot crown and stiff brim, plumed with feathers arranged



A belu-like effect upon a quaint Corsage.



THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.

SIMPLE DISH.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

No. 234.—CHICKEN CREAM.

Ingredients.—Four ounces of raw chicken meat, half a gill of cream, one egg, salt and pepper.

Mince the chicken finely, then pound it in a mortar, adding while you pound it the seasoning and egg. Whip the cream, then add it lightly to the mixture. Thoroughly butter a plain mould, pour in the mixture, cover the top with a piece of buttered paper, and steam the contents gently for about half an hour, or till it is just firm.

Turn the cream out to a hot dish and serve it with cream sauce.

For the cream sauce make one gill of white stock hot. Beat up two eggs, add to them one gill of cream, and strain them into the stock. Stir the sauce over the fire till it is very hot, but does not boil. Season it nicely and it is ready.

Cost 2s. 3d. for six portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

DINNER.

Clear Soup.
Artichoke Purée.

Fish.

Fried Fillets of Brill. Sole Meunière.

Entrées.

Chicken Cordon.
Mutton Cutlets à la Provençale.

Roasts.

Beef, Yorkshire Pudding.
Ducks, Apple Sauce.

Game.

Salmis of Woodcock. Roast Partridge.

Vegetables.

Potato Ribbons. Tomatoes au Gratin.

Sweets.

Charlotte à la St. Jose. Fruit Croûtons.

Savouries.

Sardine Croquettes. Cheese Soufflé.

Ice.

Coffee Cream.

ART IN THE CAMERA.



Photo by

"Sweetheart."

pot crown may be assured of ultimate triumph, the flat turban is as smart as ever. It must either be very peaked in front to look well or be intensely

round like a pill-box. Since the model of the first column is in feathers at the left side, it

LAST FOUR DAYS.

THE GREAT ANNUAL OPPORTUNITY

Reductions that secure to purchasers an unquestionable saving of from 3s. to 18s. in the £ afford to all the Great Annual Opportunity that is only to be known to be taken advantage of, and the enormous increase every year in the numbers who avail themselves of

HAMPTONS

Great January Sale of Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Linens, Ironmongery, Electric Fittings, China, and Glass, Pictures, Engravings, &c., at

CLEARANCE

REDUCTIONS shows conclusively that the purchasers find the saving they effect is always so great that this Opportunity is one which they cannot afford to neglect. This Day, at HAMPTONS, High-class

CARPETS AT CLEARANCE REDUCTIONS.

See Illustrated Clearance Catalogue G.T. 8, Sent Free. Lot No. 6, AKMINSTER.—Two complete Stocks consisting of 4,600 yards. Thick Close Pile (see illustration in clearance catalogue) and other designs. These are well-known carpets. For really hard wear, such as dining or reception rooms, we recommend this carpet. Here is an actual saving of nearly 30 per cent. on 15s. every yard.

Lowest London Competitive Price.	Clearance Price.
Filling Carpet, 27 inches wide, 6 s. 3 per yd.	4 s. 6 per yd.
Star Carpet, 27 inches wide, 6 s. 3 per yd.	4 s. 6 per yd.
Star Carpet, 27 inches wide, 6 s. 3 per yd.	4 s. 6 per yd.

Lot No. 16, WILTONS.—See illustration in clearance catalogue, and a selection of good designs and colours. These carpets are guaranteed to be of the very finest quality procurable anywhere. They are manufactured by the best

LINENS AT HALF-PRICE.

See Illustrated Clearance Catalogue G.T. 8, Sent Free. 3,500 Irish Damask Table Cloths of all sizes to be cleared at half-price as follows:

2yds. by 2yds.	3yds. by 2yds.	4yds. by 2yds.	5yds. by 2yds.
Clearing " 6s. 9d. 12s. 6d. 16s. 12s. 20s.	Clearing " 8s. 11d. 12s. 6d. 16s. 12s. 20s.	Clearing " 10s. 6d. 12s. 6d. 16s. 12s. 20s.	Clearing " 12s. 6d. 16s. 12s. 20s.

And many larger sizes at proportionate prices. Nearly all the medium and best numbers are of Jas. own hand-loom manufacture.

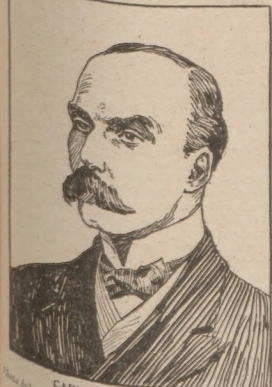
A copy of the Illustrated Catalogue G.T. 8 of this Sale, giving full details of the great Reductions at which all these High-class Goods will be cleared, may be had post free, and should be secured at once by all who have occasion to make House Furnishing purchases.

HAMPTON AND SONS, Ltd., Pall-mall East, London, S.W.

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY.

Captain Basil Hood Tells How He Composed the Play which is to be Seen To-night.

In one corner was a man converting brown paper into stage rocks by means of a big brush and a pot of paint. In another, there were four electricians performing the alarming evolutions with a long ladder that



CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD, a famous writer of plays. (Bassano.)

showed a disposition to fall on their heads. There were some more men altering furniture, and others shouting directions. This was the nature of the finishing stage in the preparations for to-night's production of Captain Basil Hood's new play, "Love in a Cottage," at Terry's Theatre. It was amidst this rough-and-ready of scenery and scene-shifters that Captain Basil Hood described how he wrote his plays. The conversation was fitful. Captain Hood

The average amateur imagines he has an idea for a play if he has thought of a suitable period. "For instance, I frequently receive suggestions such as this—Why not write a play about people at the time of Louis XIV.? The writers think this is a finished idea.

Writing Backwards.

"Once an idea has occurred to me, and seems to be suitable of dramatic development, I at once think of how it will end. It is so much easier to begin than end. I roughly write the last act first. Somebody has said that 'Dramatic art is the art of preparing your audience for a result you have decided upon.' Thus I think out my end, and then how to work up to it.

"Say it is a four-act piece. I roughly sketch out the third act, then paying special attention to the curtain; then comes the second, and the first last.

"By that time, probably, several new ideas of characterisation and situation present themselves and are included in the general scheme. Probably they may make it necessary to remodel all I have written. I always write with a pencil, and use a big notebook.

"I find I work best in the morning and evening. I wrote this play at Brighton.

"What play of my own do I like best? 'Ib and Little Christina.' Curiously enough I wrote it in about three hours. As a rule the actual writing of a comedy takes me about six weeks, but probably I have spent many months of thought upon it before I sit down to write.

Difficulties of Comic Operas.

"Comic operas when there is a plot seems to me the most difficult form of dramatic writing. Then you have not only to think dramatically, but musically as well. Your story must be constructed so that it is not spoilt by the constant interruption of musical numbers. The presence of the chorus is also a big trouble that has to be faced.

"I generally work in London. I, however, wrote the 'Rose of Persia' in Switzerland, with Sir Arthur Sullivan. No, I never put people I actually know on the stage. The characters are

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE FLIRT.

Miss Gertrude Kingston as the Giddy Wife of a Grave Husband in Mr. Walter Frith's New Play at the Avenue Theatre.

Mr. Walter Frith has been strangely silent as a playwright since the astonishing success of his "Man of Forty" at the St. James's. One must confess one uses the word "astonishing" deliberately, for, in truth, Mr. Walter Frith had already written better things than "A Man of Forty," which did little more than come near in one act to being a good melodrama, for which one suffered the rest.

One could wish, however, that Mr. Frith had devoted this long interval to writing quite a different sort of play from "The Perils of Flirtation," which was produced at a special matinee at the Avenue yesterday, under the auspices of Miss Gertrude Kingston whose clever acting of the principal character was one of the few redeeming features of the afternoon.

Intentional Dulness.

To be frank, the only merit of the piece, as such, appeared to be that it had a certain message regarding the dreariness of the scholastic profession. The male part of the cast, in fact, practically consisted of various schoolmasters, colleagues at the same public school, who found themselves dumped down in a provincial town, where they had nothing whatever to do but win each from the other his hard-earned wages at bridge and flirt mildly and seriously with one another's wives.

Indeed, the gaieties of the scholastic life at Chadminster—for so the town is named—did not seem to run even to that, for in yesterday's play there appeared to be only one wife who was at all open to the dalliance described. Accordingly, they are all after her, including, at once, the headmaster and the head-boy.

This being so, one must admit that, however charming Miss Gertrude Kingston may be as Mrs.

Le Mesurier, the small fraction of that lady's society to be enjoyed in the play by each of her admirers—not to speak of her husband, who is a clergyman—was really hardly worth quarrelling about.

Above all, the play is, one is pained to find, intolerably dull. No doubt the life of the average assistant schoolmaster is even duller—dull, we may believe, beyond expression. But if that is so, all the more reason why the stage should be entertaining! If schoolmasters are dull, must playwrights be dull, too? Has the time come for two bachelors to make a white?

A Weighty Cast.

Mr. Frith seems, alas! to be of that opinion. Everybody is a bore. No one says a bright thing. Mr. Frith is obviously conscious of that, and did it purposely. Nevertheless, one finds that a bore is a bore just the same when he is intended to be one as when he is not. Rather more so, in fact.

So, by reason of their very truth, "The Perils of Flirtation" wearied one extremely. One longed to see on the stage just what the schoolmasters longed to see in their lives—variety, cleverness, enthusiasm. One longed, in short, for imagination in any form—whether the wit of Oscar Wilde or the occasionally tactless ferocity of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Anything to give the play a lift!

One may add that even the acting kept the piece heavy. It was horribly conscientious. Mr. Frank Cooper, grown inconceivably solid, was the husband; Mr. Dennis Eadie, capable but overburdened, was head-master; Mr. Nye Chart had to seem a little drunk—a piece of good acting, but a merely painful episode. As a matter of fact, one welcomed most of anything in the play the appearance of Miss Anna Robinson, a pleasant American. Even that strident accent was a relief. There was at least the suggestion of a chirrup.

S. R. L.

PLAYS IN MUSIC-HALLS.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree Defends the Right of the Theatre to Abolish Sketches.

At Bow-street yesterday the solicitor to the Theatrical Managers' Association obtained a summons against the Tivoli for producing a stage play, "The Moon Spell," without a licence from the Lord Chamberlain.

The case is the outcome of a long-standing dispute between the two rival forms of entertainment—the theatres and the music-halls: A Parliamentary Committee sat in 1892 to hear evidence on both sides, and unanimously recommended that the music-halls should, with a limitation of six principal performers and forty minutes' time duration, be allowed to produce sketches. This recommendation has been followed by the music-halls ever since, but it has never become law. Recently the theatrical managers have looked with a jealous eye on the increasing prosperity of the music-halls, and have, under the Theatres Act, prosecuted the halls for producing stage plays—for such sketches undoubtedly are—without a licence from the Lord Chamberlain.

At the annual meeting of the Actors' Benevolent Fund yesterday, at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Beerbohm Tree said he hoped that the difficulty would be overcome by fresh legislation, but theatrical managers maintained that so long as the law remained as at present they would insist on enjoying all the protection the law entitled them to. Mr. Frank Gerald, an actor present, said that Mr. Tree's action had thrown hundreds of actors gaining their living in sketches out of employment.

A NATIONAL THEATRE.

Important Step Towards State-aided British Drama.

The current number of the "Fortnightly Review," besides being particularly rich in articles of a literary interest, contains a weighty appeal signed by seventy-two distinguished men and women who are desirous of assisting the British drama to a place of honour.

The theatres of Great Britain are contrasted with those of the Continent, which are real palaces of art, instead of the home of more or less doubtful "musical comedy."

Mr. Courtney himself writes that, just as the public require to be and are educated by state-

£1,000 for Amateur Editors. The awards for suggested improvements in the "Daily Mirror" will be announced in To-morrow's Issue.

aided enterprises in music and painting, so also should they be led to form a pure dramatic taste.

Mr. Frederic Harrison advocates "a small house, simple but correct staging, small permanent salaries, permanent appointment; but, above all, perpetual interchange of parts, as in the Théâtre Français."

At a meeting of the Eton Guardians, when complaints concerning the condition of Slough Infirmary came under notice, the medical officer stated there were not sufficient nurses, and added that since the South African War the number of tramps had greatly increased.

People Prominent.

Queen Victoria's lessons to her great-grandson, Prince Edward of Wales, have not been forgotten. A little while ago a lady to whom the child was showing his picture-book of soldiers, struck by his intimate knowledge with all the details appertaining to the uniforms worn by officers and men, and the different regiments to which they respectively belonged, asked of him how he had acquired so much military information. "Gran-Gran told me all about the regiments," said the boy. "You see, she and I always talked together of soldiers." Prince Edward was the only one, perhaps, of Queen Victoria's grandchildren, who did not stand in awe of her, and she quite delighted in his society. Once, when reprimanded by his nurse for not picking up his toys, he turned to the Queen. "You do it for me!" he asked coaxingly.

Mrs. William James, who is one of the leading ladies in the company of distinguished amateurs acting at Brighton to-night, is a very well-known personage in London society. She belongs to the very smart set, and is an intimate friend of the Queen, and when at Sandringham Mrs. James has often been invited to breakfast alone with her Majesty's royal boudoir. She is an intensely amusing companion, playing and singing delightfully; but it is as a dancer that she excels. At the recent royal house-party at Chatsworth Mrs. James gained for herself fresh laurels by her dancing and acting as Cinderella.

The Sultan of Johore, who has just arrived in Europe, is an Indian potentate who is well known and popular in this country. He is a great racing man, who is indefatigable in his attendance at race meetings when over here. A polo player, he is also fond of cycling, riding, and driving, and takes the greatest interest in motoring, his agents having made inquiries in England as to a possible car for the Sultan's use. He is hospitable, and many notable Englishmen have been his guests at his palaces near and at Singapore for the purpose of big game shooting.

The ball at Covent Garden next Tuesday, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Women and Children, promises to be an enormous success. The floral decorations used for the State performance at the Opera, when President Loubet was here, are again to be used, with electric lights everywhere. The string band of the Scots Guards will play on the stage, which is to be a mass of roses. Lady Derby, President of the Committee, has taken a large box, while Princess Hatzfeldt, Lady Portsmouth, Lady Denman, Lady Pearson, and the Duchess of Bedford are amongst those who are interesting themselves in this ball, and will act as hostesses to the large parties they are taking.

The Sultan of Turkey (writes our Constantinople correspondent) never sleeps two nights running in the same room, so great is his fear of assassination. In the palace are a number of bullet-proof rooms, which are all of them furnished with sleeping chambers. Only a few minutes before retiring to rest the Sultan announces in which room he intends to spend the night, so that all the rooms have to be constantly prepared for his reception.

What are we coming to? Quite a sensation was caused in Piccadilly the other afternoon by a lady of a certain age, who most nonchalantly walked right down that crowded part of town wearing a Norfolk jacket and a pair of bloomers, and her hair cut quite short. She took absolutely no notice of the looks or remarks of astonishment and disgust from passers-by, many of whom stopped and watched this latest up-to-date woman of the period.

The Empress Eugenie (writes our Wiesbaden correspondent) spends the greater part of her time in writing her memoirs, which are to be published in aid of the widows of French soldiers who fell in the war of 1870-71. Her Majesty's book, which will be of the greatest interest, is to be translated into English, and probably, later, into German. It will contain many letters from her husband and son.

Handwritten notes:
Thomp. I say, Johnson, do you know where my an of a servant is?
Johnson. I see to his dinner I think, sir.
Thomp. Steady heart. I better orderly sergeant.
Sergeant (with side look) Company orders, sir.
Thomp. I think both to Johnson, salutes and tail!
Thomp. Is there anything that affects me? Just send them out, Johnson! will you?
Johnson. Sir (reads).
Detachment Orders by Captain V O Brian, D.S.O.
Commanding H Company, dated Kinross Camp, July 25-0
(1) Subaltern of the week commencing July 25-0 - Lieutenant Thompson
(2) The Subaltern of the week will daily visit the mess, breakfasts and dinners, will turn out the band once a day and once by night, will visit the canteen, will collect the reports of letters and will inspect the ration book morning at 7 a.m.
Thomp. Seven! Good Lord!

A page from Captain Hood's Play "Love in a Cottage," which is to be produced to-day at Terry's Theatre.

...a sentence, and then told some perspiring ... where to put the portions of a cottage. A ... words, and he would despatch a tele- ... and so the talk went on till the author was ... of one of his worries—the interviewer. ... I get my ideas," he said, "it is impos- ... I have a good few pigeon-holed ... in my brain, and they are produced at ... the suggestions of well-intentioned ... are not, as a rule, of much assistance.

no doubt, as in the case of most writers, the result of a multitude of impressions. "The military details in 'Love in a Cottage' are the result of my own experiences when serving in Ireland."

There were several other questions to be answered. But the gentlemen with the footlights and the limelights and their friends refused to be kept at arm's length any longer. They swarmed round and recaptured their prey.

KING TO VISIT CAMBRIDGE.

His Majesty the King will visit Cambridge early in March to open the Geological and Anatomical Museums and other buildings recently erected by the University.

An address will be presented on behalf of the Corporation.

WHEN THE SESSION OPENS. Instructions have been given for the route taken by the King and Queen from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords for the opening of Parliament to be lined by Household troops. There will be a band of music and a guard of honour for their

DOUBLE HARNESS.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: Sibylla's husband.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother;
a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

CHAPTER XII. (continued).

"I will send you my answer to-night," she said. "It means all that I am—everything in the world to me. Remember that."

And he urged her no more, leaving with her these simple, sincere-sounding words to plead for him.

That was what the answer meant to him. What would it mean to Grantley Imason? She asked herself that as she sat silent opposite to him at dinner. It chanced that they were alone, though of late she had schemed to avoid that. And to-night she could not speak to him, could say nothing at all, though his raised brows and satirical glance challenged her. Things might be uncomfortable, but why lose either your tongue or your manners? Grantley seemed to ask. You might have a grievance (Oh, real or imaginary, as you please!) against your husband, but why not converse on topics of the day with the gentleman at the other end of the table? He seemed to be able to do his

or trying to show them up. Let them alone; in time they would die of their own absurdity.

"Grantley, would you rather I went away? Don't you find life unendurable like this?"

"I don't find it pleasant," he smiled; "but I would certainly rather you didn't go away. If you want a change for a few weeks, I'll endeavour to resign myself."

"I mean, go away altogether."

"No, no, I'm sure you don't mean anything so—Forgive me, Sibylla, but now and then your suggestions are hard to describe with perfect courtesy."

She looked at him in a wondering way, but made no answer; and he, too, was silent for a minute. "I think it would be a good thing," he went on, "if you and Frank betook yourselves to Mildean for a few weeks. I'm so busy that I can see very little of you here, and the country air is good for nerves."

"Very well, we'll go in a day or two. You'll stay here?"

"Yes, I must. I'll try to get down now and then, and bring some cheerful people with me. Blake will come sometimes, I daresay. Jeremy won't till he's rich and famous, I'm afraid."

In spite of herself, it flashed across her that he was making her path very easy. And she wondered at the way he spoke of Blake, at his utter absence of suspicion. Her conscience moved a little at this.

"Yes, I'm sure you'll be better at Mildean," he went on; "and—and try to think things over while you're there."

It was his old attitude. He had nothing to think over—that task was all for her. The old resentment overcame her momentary shame at deceiving him.

"You're going upstairs now?" he suggested, as though about to open the door.

"I'm going, but I'm not going upstairs to-night," she answered as she rose. "I shall go and write a letter or two instead."

He bowed politely as she passed out of the room. Then he sat down at the table and rested his head on both his hands. It took long—it took a very long while. She was hard to subdue. Hard it was, too, to subdue himself—to be always courteous, never more than permissibly ironical, to wait for his victory. Yet not a doubt crossed his mind that he was on the right track, that he must succeed in the end, that plain reason and good sense must win the day. But the fight was very long. His face looked haggard in the light as he sat alone by the table and told himself to persevere.

And Sibylla, confirmed in her despair, bitterly resentful of the terms he had proposed, seeing the hopelessness of her life, fearing to look on the face of her child lest the pain should rend her too pitilessly, sat down and wrote her answer to Walter Blake. The answer was the promise he had asked. The images had done their work—hers of him and his of her—and young Blake's fancy picture of himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Dead and its Dead.

"Well, have you managed to amuse yourself to-day?" asked Caylesham, throwing himself heavily on a sofa by Tom Courtland, and yawning widely.

He had dropped in at Mrs. Bolton's after dinner. Tom had spent the day there, and had not managed to amuse himself very much, as the surly grunt with which he answered Caylesham's question sufficiently testified. He had eaten too much lunch, played cards too long and too high, with too many "drinks" interspersed between the hands; then had eaten a large dinner, accompanied by rather too much champagne; then had

land sat in moody silence, doing nothing. He had even smoked till he could smoke no more. He had not a pleasure left.

Presently Miss Pattie threw down her cards and came across to them. She was a tall, lady-like-looking young woman; only the faintest trace of Cockney accent hung about her voice. She told him down by Caylesham in a friendly way.

"We hardly ever see you now," she told him. "Are you all right?"

"All right, but getting old, Pattie. I'm gaged in digging my own grave."

"Oh, nonsense! You're quite fit still. I say, have you heard about me?"

"Lots of things."

"No, don't be silly. I mean, that I'm going to be married?"

"No, are you, by Jove? Who's the happy man?"

"George Parmenter. Do you know him? He's awfully nice."

"I know his father. May I proffer advice? Get that arrangement put down in writing. Then at the worst it'll be worth something to you."

Miss Pattie was not at all offended. She laughed merrily.

"They always said you were pretty wide awake, and I believe it," she observed. "He'll have to be a thousand a year when his father dies."

"In the circumstances you mention he won't have a farthing a year till that event happens, I'm afraid, Pattie. A man of strong prejudices, did Sir George?"

"Well, I'm sure I've got letters enough to tell that. That's all right. I shall watch the case with interest."

He yawned again and rose to his feet.

"Tom's pretty dull, isn't he?" asked Miss Pattie, with a comical pout.

"Yes, Tom's pretty dull, certainly."

"I'm sleepy," said Tom Courtland, and Caylesham

"So am I. I shall go home."

walked off to bid the lady of the house good-night.

The lady of the house came into the hall and helped him on with his coat. It appeared that

Our NEW SERIAL, BEGINNING TO-MORROW, is from the pen of

WILSON BARRETT,

Actor-Manager and Author of "The Sign of the Cross," &c., &c., and the Creator of the title-rôle in "The Silver King," &c. It is called

"THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL."

"THE NEVER-NEVER LAND."

The production of the Play bearing the sub-title will take place under the direction of Wilson Barrett, at Hull, on February 1.

part without any effort, without any difficulty, to avoid open war, and yet never to commit himself to any proposition for peace. All through the years, thought Sibylla, he would go on saucily discussing the topics of the day, while life went by, and love and joy and all fair things withered from the face of the earth.

The servants disappeared, and Grantley's talk became less for public purposes.

"I wonder how old John has got on with Harriet Courtland?" he said in an amused way. "He was uncommonly plucky to face her. But, upon my word, the best thing from some points of view would be for him to fail. At least, it would be the best if old Tom wasn't such a fool. But as soon as Tom sees a chance of getting rid of one woman he saddles himself with another."

"Could he have got rid of Lady Harriet?"

"They might have arranged a separation. As it is, there'll be an open row, I'm afraid."

"Still, if it puts an end to what's intolerable—?" she suggested, as she watched him drinking his coffee and smoking his cigarette with his delicate satisfaction in all things that were good.

"A very unpleasant way out," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Would you have endured what Mr. Courtland couldn't?"

He smiled across at her; the sarcastic note was strong in his voice as he asked:—

"Do you think me an impatient man? Do you think I've no power of enduring what I don't like, Sibylla?"

She flushed a little under his look.

"It's true," he went on, "that I endure vulgarity worst of all; and Harriet Courtland's tantrums are very vulgar, as all tantrums are."

"Only tantrums? Aren't all emotions, all feelings, rather vulgar, Grantley?"

He thought a smile answer enough for that. It was no good arguing against absurd insinuations.

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"Are they so pleasant that I want to think them over?"

"I think you know what I mean; and in this connection I don't appreciate repartee for its own sake," said Grantley, wearily, but with a polite smile.

A sudden impulse came upon her. She leant across towards him and said:

"Grantley, have you seen Frank to-day?"

"No, I haven't to-day."

"I generally go and sit by him for a little while at this time when I'm free. Did you know that?"

"I gathered it," said Grantley.

"You've never come with me, nor offered to."

"I'm not encouraged to volunteer things in my relations with you, Sibylla."

"Will you come with me now?" she asked.

She herself could not tell under what impulse she spoke—whether it were in the hope that at the last he might change, or in the hope of convincing herself that he would never change. She watched him very intently, as though much hung on the answer that he gave.

Grantley seemed to weigh his answer, too, looking at his wife with searching eyes. There was a patch of red on his cheeks. Evidently what she had said stirred him, and his composure was maintained only by an effort. At last he spoke:

"I'm sorry not to do anything you ask or wish, but as matters are I will not come and see Frank with you."

"Why not?" she asked in a quick half-whisper.

His eyes were very sombre as he answered her.

"When you remember that you're my wife, I'll remember that you're the mother of my son. Till then you are an honoured and welcome guest in this house or in any house of mine."

Their eyes met; both were defiant, neither held a hint of yielding. Sibylla drew in her breath in a long inhalation.

"Very well, I understand," she said.

He rose from his chair.

played cards again till both his pocket and his temper were the worse. There had been nothing startling, nothing lurid about his day; it had just been unprofitable, boring, unwholesome. And he did not care about Mrs. Bolton's friends—not about Miss Pattie Henderson, nor about the two quite young men who had made up the card party. His face was a trifle flushed, and his toothbrushy hair had even more than usual of its suggestion of comical distress.

"Been a bit dull, has it?" Caylesham went on, sympathetically. "Well, it often is. Oh, I like our friend Flora Bolton, you know, as long as she doesn't get a fit of nerves and tell you how different she might have been. People should never do that. At other times she's a good sort, and just as ready to ruin herself as anybody else—nothing of the good old traditional harp about her. Still, perhaps it works out about the same."

It certainly worked out about the same, as nobody knew better than Tom Courtland. He was thinking now that he had paid rather high for not very lively day. The only person he had won from was Miss Henderson, and he was not sure that she would pay.

"Must spend your time somewhere," he jerked out, forlornly.

"A necessity of life," Caylesham agreed; "and it doesn't make so much difference, after all, where you do it. I rather agree with the fellow who says that the only distinction he could see between—well, between one sort of house and the other sort—was that in the latter you could be more certain of finding whisky and soda on the sideboard in the morning; and now I'm hanged if that criterion isn't failing one! Whisky and soda's got so general."

The card-party at the other end of the room was animated and even a little noisy. Mrs. Bolton was prone to hearty laughter. Miss Henderson had a penetrating voice, and usually gave a little shriek of delight when she won. The two young men were rather excited. Caylesham regarded the whole scene with humorous contempt. Tom Court-

she wanted to have a word with him—first about the wisdom of backing one of his horses, and secondly about Tom Courtland. Caylesham told her on no account to back the horse, since it wouldn't win, and waited to hear what she had to say about Tom.

"I'm distressed about him, Frank," she said.

"You know I do like Tom, and I never saw a man so down in the mouth."

Her face was rather coarse in feature and ruddy in tint, but kindly and good-natured; her concern for Tom was evidently quite genuine. "What a devil that wife of his must be!"

"She has her faults. Perhaps we have ours."

"Be charitable, Flora."

"Oh, you can be as sarcastic as you like! Heaven knows I don't mind that."

Heaven knows I don't mind that, and about what she'll do. And then there's the money, too. I believe he's hard up. It's very curious, you know, if I can help it."

"Which of the two courts do you refer to?" she asked, as he buttoned his coat.

"—?"

"Either of them, Frank, you old fool!" she laughed.

"Send him back to his wife. You'll have to soon, anyhow—when the money's gone, you know."

Do it now—before those two men come and see him opposite to see who goes in and out of the house."

"But the poor chap's so miserable, Frank, you know."

"I like him, you see."

"Ah, I can't help you against honest and kindly emotions. They're not part of the game, you know."

"No, they aren't; but they come in."

"Worst of it," sighed Mrs. Bolton. "Well, good-night, Frank. We shall get through somehow, I suppose."

"That's the only gospel left to this age, Flora."

Good-night."

To be continued.

BREAKFAST-TABLE BRIDGE PROBLEMS,

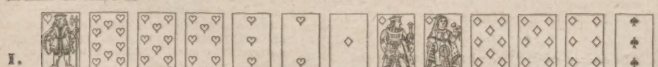
By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

A NEW COMPETITION COMMENCES TO-DAY, CLOSING ON MONDAY NEXT.

£20 IN CASH will be awarded, and Ten Handsome Silver-mounted Bridge Boxes, in Morocco, each of the value of One Guinea. Cut this Coupon out, and keep it by you till Saturday next, when full final instructions will appear.

WEEKLY COMPETITION 7.—COUPON A.

What would you do as Dealer, holding the following hand, at love all? You may either declare or leave it.



What would you declare as Dummy, if it were left to you, holding the following hand at love all?



BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

"Nonsens."—We cannot understand your query. Weekly 2, Declaration 4, was decided "Leave it." Not Spades, as you say. On Weekly 4, Declaration 5, Spades would be an atrocious call. Get your facts right and communicate again.

"Your problems are very nice," writes W. L. (Walmer); "but I and many others wish you could give us a way to a series of Double-Dummy problems. These are wholly satisfactory, as there is something definite about them. Declarations are in so many cases a matter of opinion, and, above all, it matters a great deal who has to play them. I have played Bridge for many years with many people, and know some before whom it would be madness to put down a risky no-trump,

which would be fairly safe in the hands of a good player."

These remarks are perfectly true, but the main object of our Weekly Competition is not to set difficult positions (which appeal only to the specialist player), but to provide simple and well-posed problems of every beginner in a very few minutes. We are fully aware—and have pronounced we repeatedly—that many of individual opinion are matters of opinion, and we think we can help those who happen to think as we do, and those who unfortunately differ from us, to acquire the art of the next week. Anyone who cares to inquire into the principles upon which the problems are given should read the "Golf" articles now appearing every week in "Golf."

Name

Address

